

TALK WITH KELLY & NOTTINGHAM, Onancock, Va.

We represent Fire Insurance Companies that pay losses in the event of fire.

No reliable Insurance Agency can write your insurance at a lower rate than we can make you.

It will be a matter of economy, on your part, to consult us before placing your insurance.

We have ample facilities for handling all your insurance, no matter how small, or how large the amount may be.

We guard your interest as carefully as we guard that of our own; knowing we must do this in order to secure and hold your patronage.

With us you are absolutely safe for the reason that all our records are so completely systematized that we cannot overlook a risk, and thereby fail to notify our patrons of exposures.

—WITH US YOU ARE SAFE—
—BEYOND QUESTION—
Write to Kelly & Nottingham, Call to see Kelly & Nottingham, Talk with Kelly & Nottingham.

We have a telephone right in our office.

ONANCOCK, VA.

STERLING SILVER

—AND OTHER—

Wedding Presents

Now, fresh from the factory, and of latest artistic designs. No need to send to the cities for the same articles, and pay a higher price, too, when you can get what you want of me, and see what you are getting. In all my goods my prices are warranted to be as low as anywhere in the United States. Beautiful and elegant are my

Gold and Gold-filled Watches

For ladies, gentlemen and boys. Also a good Nickel Watch for sale, daily warranted.

In Rings and all other Jewelry

my stock is complete and up to date.

In Clocks

I have anything you want—from a Nickel Alarm to a fine Electric Regulator. The latest invention in clocks is the "Standard." No winding, no springs, no weights, no keys, no repairs, no trouble of any kind, and perfect time at small cost. You put up the clock and start her going—she does the rest.

In Spectacles

Well, now, I have you. Never select glasses for yourself, and never purchase glasses from a peddling spectacle selling doctor. Their stock is as defective as their knowledge of optics. The lenses are carelessly ground, and the lens of one eye is frequently different from that of the other. You need not tell me that their "gold" frames are brass in a few days, and your sight suffers a permanent injury, and if you need the services of a doctor I will frankly tell you so. I am the only one in the county that can test your eyes and perfectly fit you with glasses, and no one else could or would dare publish a like claim.

Respectfully,

J. W. DUNCAN,

Jeweler, Onancock, Va.

To Benjamin H. Kelso and Emma Kate, his wife:

You will take notice that on Monday, February 27th, 1899, being the first day of February, 1899, term of the county court of Accomack county, Virginia, we shall ask the said court to appoint John S. Parsons as trustee in a certain deed of trust from you to Upshur B. Quinby, trustee for Solomon T. Johnson, dated the 16th day of June, 1890, and of record in the clerk's office of said court, in the place and stead of said Upshur B. Quinby, who has died.

Given under our hands this 18th day of January, 1899.
Thos. B. & L. D. T. QUINBY, Admrs. c. t. a. of Upshur B. Quinby, dec'd, late trustee.

Farm For Sale.

A nice FARM half mile from Pungoteague, with three settlements, besides the main building, in a good state of cultivation, well adapted to trucking, plenty of resources, convenient to railroad and steamboats. Has a good oyster front. For terms apply to

N. B. WESCOTT, Painter, Va.,

OF

J. W. JOYNES,

1129 Argyle Ave., Baltimore, Md.

House and Lot For Sale.

A nice House and Lot in Pungoteague, Va., on Back Street. Lately built and convenient. Apply to

J. W. JOYNES,

1129 Argyle Ave., Baltimore, Md.,

S. T. TAYLOR, Pungoteague, Va.



JOHN F. HOPE,

—UNDERTAKER—

Parkley, Va.

Has opened an Undertaker shop at Parkley and will keep always in stock full line of Caskets of all grades and sizes and full supply of material for Coffins, which will be furnished on short notice and at lowest figures. Orders by wire or otherwise to meet boat or train on undertaking business at any point in Accomack promptly attended to.

—UNDERTAKER—

AND

WHEELWRIGHT,

at his old stand in

HORNTOWN, VA.

Thankful for past favors, he solicits a continuance of your patronage.

DON'T USE BIG WORDS.

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating superficial sentimentalities and philosophical psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversations possess a clarified conciseness, comprehensibility, coalescent consistency and a concatenated cogency.

Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jargon babblement and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without redomestication or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, ventriloquial verbosity and vaniloquent rapidity. In other words,

—Buy a Plug of—

F. A. Davis & Co's

—OLD CROW.—

TO THE PUBLIC.

Having sold my interest in the agencies of the Hamburg-Bremen Fire Insurance Company and the United States Fire Insurance Company at Onancock, Va., to Fletcher & Doughty, I desire to thank my former patrons for their past favors and bespeak a continuance of them on behalf of the new firm.

Respectfully,

L. W. GROTON.

FLETCHER & DOUGHTY

Agents for the

Hamburg-Bremen and the

United States Fire Ins. Cos.,

Onancock, Va.

VIRGINIA.—In the circuit court for the county of Accomack, in the Vacation of the said court, the 8th day of February, A. D., 1899.

James E. Tull, trustee in a certain deed of trust from Alfred Trader, dated the 19th day of November, 1895, for the benefit of Edward H. Conquest,

Plaintiff,

against

John H. Wise, Sheriff, and as such administrator of said Alfred Trader, deceased, Samuel W. Nock and Elizabeth A., his wife, Michael W. Gladding and Albert J., his wife, Alfred K. Lankford, Sarah E. Lankford, William Lankford and Ethel May Lankford, the last four of whom are infants under the age of twenty-one years.

Defendants.

In Chancery.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree of the said court, directing plaintiff how to distribute the proceeds of sale of the real estate, sold by him as trustee in the said deed which is recorded in the clerk's office of the county court of said county.

Affidavit having been made before the clerk of the said court, that Michael W. Gladding and Albert J. Gladding, his wife, two of the defendants in the above entitled cause, are non-residents of the State of Virginia, on the motion of the plaintiff, by his attorney, it is ordered that they, the said non-resident defendants, do appear here within fifteen days after due publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interests; and that this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in the "Peninsula Enterprise," a newspaper published at Accomack C. H., Virginia, and also posted at the front door of the courthouse of the said county on the first day of the next term of the county court of the said county.

Test: JOHN D. GRANT, C. C.

A Copy—

Test: JOHN D. GRANT, C. C.

John S. Parsons, p. q.

Are You Married?

Well get a Divorce and come to

—the—

Public Auction

—of—

Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing, Notions, &c., that will be held on

Saturday, February 18th, 1899,

at Two O'clock, at

PENNEY'S OF HARBORTON.

Goods have got to go to make room for Spring and Summer Goods.

—UNDERTAKER—

AND

WHEELWRIGHT,

at his old stand in

HORNTOWN, VA.

Thankful for past favors, he solicits a continuance of your patronage.

SNOW EATING MANIA.

A PECULIAR HABIT THAT DEVELOPS IN THE KLONDIKE.

The Appetite, When Once Acquired, Is Extremely Difficult to Control, and to Indulge It Means a Short Cut to the Grave.

Every great discovery in the world's history has brought with it an accompanying affliction, and it remained for the Klondike to develop a peculiar mania that threatens to outrival opium eating. Among the residents of the far north it is known as the "snow habit," and it is said to be incurable. A returned Klondiker tells the strange story.

"There are many strange things in the Klondike," said the narrator, "but perhaps the strangest and that about which nothing has been written so far, is the disposition caused by eating snow."

In the north, when the thermometer reaches 30 to 40 degrees below zero, a mouthful of snow is like molten metal. It brings an inflammation to the palate and tongue and it is impossible to quench the thirst. The first advice an old timer offers a newcomer in the region is "Don't eat snow." There are men in that country, once hearty, robust miners, now weak, effeminate creatures, whose fall can be traced directly to the time they began munching snow.

"The matter has been but little investigated, but the scientists who have examined the subject say that the waters of the north are rich with mineral deposits which are being constantly washed down from the mountains. A certain per cent of this mineral is taken into the air when vapor rises, and the snow becomes impregnated with it. There have been several falls of red snow near Point Barrow, the deposit being of a reddish brown color, due entirely to minerals. Thus it can be seen that a person eating large quantities of the snow takes into his system a corresponding amount of minerals."

While coming down the Copper River last spring the narrator came upon a party of miners where one was dying from the effects of eating snow. He had been a hard drinker, but had run short of whisky. His thirst became unendurable and as water was scarce in mid-winter he had taken to eating snow. Soon he claimed it relieved his appetite for the liquor, but his companions noticed that his appetite for the snow increased until he was consuming enormous quantities. Gradually his skin, which was a dark bronze, grew light, his rugged stature became bent, and even his hands were changed.

His strength gave way, and his companions tried to break him of the habit. He would lie on his pallet and moan pitifully for a mouthful of snow and when opportunity offered would steal down huge handfuls. At last, seeing death was inevitable, his companions allowed him the snow, hoping to prolong his life. It proved unavailing, however, and one morning the man was found dead.

There are some spots on the Copper River where the snow, when melted and strained through a cloth, shows perceptible signs of minerals, and often gold is found plentifully intermixed. But of course not in paying quantities. Where this comes from is a mystery, but it may be brought from the far north by the heavy winter gales that sweep over this part of the country. It has been said that if the snow could be melted away it would leave deposits of millions of dollars in gold dust on the ground.

The narrator had a close call himself from falling a victim to the snow habit. "It was in the winter of 1896-7," he said, "and I was now to the country."

An old miner near Dawson had warned me against eating snow, but I, with my partner, had gone back into the hills on a prospecting tour, and had got caught in a blizzard. We were shy of provisions and on our way up lost the package containing our cooking utensils. This we remedied by broiling our cooked foods, but we had nothing in which to melt the snow. It is claimed that melted snow is harmless, as the metallic deposits it contains sink to the bottom of the receptacle.

"We decided to try 'raw,' and we did. Whether it was the food or the snow I don't know, but during the week we waited for a chance to get out we had an ever increasing thirst, until, when we were finally able to strike the trail, we were consuming snow at a frightful rate. When we reached our companions, we attempted to assuage our thirst with water, but it did no good. We had acquired a taste for the frozen water, and it seemed to have invigorating qualities. At night we could not sleep unless we took our snow."

"We were fast approaching the degenerate stage when I reached a realizing sense of our condition and returned to work off. I began by degrees to break down, but up to the very moment I left the country the sight of the snow always raised in me an indomitable craving. It cost me many sleepless nights and weary days to restrain myself. Had I given way to the habit I would, like many another poor fellow, have lost all ambition and filled an unknown grave in that frozen wilderness."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Chinaman's "Roll."

Of all the men who make their way about on the streets or in the street cars in this frosty weather, John Chinaman is the most comfortably clad, and, therefore, the most comfortable. He does not look it, but the Chinaman has the knack of getting a lot of warm quilted clothing next to his yellow skin. His blouse is, of course, of heavy material, and the thick soles of his old shoes keep his feet warm.

Neither does John have to fidget around and unbutton his clothing, as the white victim of the cold blasts that blow through the street car, to fish out his nickel for fare. Before he leaves home he sticks a nickel in his ear—right handy to reach when the conductor comes around.

In just what part of his old clothing John carries his money is a problem not even the long and the short men have been able to solve. The average Chinaman carries a bundle "big enough to choke a horse," as the saying is, but, though often tried, no hold up man has ever prospected successfully for the roll in his victim's mysterious wrappings and the average thief would just as soon tackle a guaranteed burglar proof safe as a Chinaman. —Chicago Chronicle.

A Checkered Career.

The Hawesville (Ky.) Clarion says that "Uncle" Jim Scott of that place, who has just died, was married while a slave to the wife who now survives him. They were sold and sent to different sections of the country and were lost to one another for more than 50 years. In that time each had married and buried another partner. Four years ago was brought to light in his endeavor to secure a pension the existence of the wife of his young manhood in Louisville. A reunion followed, the pension was secured, and the old couple lived happily together until his death.

Juvenile Diplomacy.

Mother—I gave each of you boys an orange. Charlie, you said you wouldn't eat yours until after dinner. And you, Jack, said the same. Have you devoured me?

Charlie—No, mother; we didn't eat our own oranges. I ate Jack's and he ate mine.—Sydney Town and Country Journal.

Isotimical Plants.

Two well known English plants, the thistle and the rape, are so identical that if a field is infested with thistles, which come up year after year and ruin the crops, all you have to do is to sow it with rape. The thistles will be absolutely annihilated.

Mr. H. E. Swift, the well known representative of J. N. Murdoch, Wholesale Druggist, of Parkersburg, W. Va., says:

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H. E. SWIFT.

THE WITCH'S CURSE.

A GLOOMY OLD LEGEND OF THE TOWN OF BUCKSPORT, ME.

The Imprecations and Prophecy of the Condemned Woman on the Scaffold Recalled by a Strange Beulah on Col. Buck's Tombstone.

Close by the country road on the outskirts of the sleepy old seaport town of Bucksport, on the Penobscot, down in Maine, is a small family cemetery. Within the inclosure, with its high iron fence, in the quiet and almost gloomy shade, sleep the Bucks, the blueblooded and aristocratic clan which first settled the town and bequeathed it their name—and a legend.

Of the many moss grown tablets and monuments the largest and most conspicuous is a tall granite shaft in plain sight of the highway. On one side is the inscription:

COL. JOHN BUCK,

The Founder of Bucksport.

A. D. 1782.

Born in Haverhill, Mass., 1713.

Died March 18, 1766.

On the other side is the single word "Buck," and also something not wrought by the marble worker. On the smooth surface of the pedestal is a curious outline, irregular and describing that which can easily be imagined to be the form of a foot of normal size. Some people say that it is a foot, but those are of the superstitious town folk who believe the legend which has been choice stock in Bucksport for many years.

They that delight in perpetrating this story say that Colonel Jonathan Buck was a very stern and harsh man and the leading spirit of his day and generation. His word was law in the community. He was the highest civil authority and his decision and immovable as the granite hills that loom up in the haze of the northern horizon.

He was most Puritanical, and to him witchcraft was the incarnation of blasphemy. Thus, so the story goes, when a certain woman was accused of witchcraft, at the first clamorings of the populace Colonel Buck ordered her to be imprisoned, and later, after a mere form of a hearing, she was sentenced to be executed as a witch. She pleaded to Buck for her life, but as to a heart of stone.

The day of the execution came and the condemned woman went to the gallows cursing her judge with such terrible imprecations that the people shuddered, but the magistrate stood unmoved and made a sign to the officers to hasten the arrangements. All was ready and the hangman was about to perform his gruesome duty when the woman turned to Colonel Buck and raising one hand to heaven as if to direct her last words on earth pronounced this astounding prophecy:

"Jonathan Buck, listen to these words, the last my tongue shall utter. It is the spirit of the old time and living God which bids me speak them to you. You will soon die. Over your grave they will erect a stone, that all may know where your bones are crumbling into dust. But listen! Upon that stone the imprint of my feet will appear, and for all time, long after your accursed race has perished from the face of the earth, will the people from far and near know that you murdered a woman. Remember well, Jonathan Buck, remember well!"

Then she turned to her executioners and another act, one of the forever ineffaceable blots, was made a part of American colonial history.

The "witch's curse," as it was called, and is this day, was almost forgotten until many years afterward, when the monument was erected to the memory of Bucksport's founder. It had been in position hardly a month when a faint outline was discovered upon it. This gradually grew more and more distinct until some one made the startling discovery that it was the outline of a foot which some supernatural draftsman had traced on the granite. The old legend was revived and the Buck cemetery was for years the Mecca of the superstitious and curious for miles around.

The "witch's curse" had been fulfilled, they said. An attempt was made to remove the stain, but all efforts tended only to bring the outline out in bolder relief. The stain or whatever it was seemed to penetrate to the very center of the stone.

The hinges of the big gate have creaked for the last time to admit a Buck. The last of the race has been laid to rest beneath the oaks and maples, and the setting sun throws the shadow of the once mighty Col. Jonathan Buck's mossy mound, as if still exerting his authority, and the same rays light that mysterious tracing heaped along the dusty turnpike.

The imprint of the foot is a fact, and is there today as plain as ever. The legend of the "witch's curse" may or may not be a fact. The fanciful legend, but the practical point out the apparent discrepancy between the dates of the era of witchcraft persecution and the regime of Colonel Buck. They say that the stain is simply an accidental fault in the granite, and that the legend was made to fit the foot and not the foot the legend. But the foot is there.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Witty Gallery God.

At a performance of "Faust" in Cork, Ireland, the gentleman who enacted the part of Mephistopheles was so stout that the meager form too small to permit his descent to the infernal regions, and all of his person above the waist was still visible over the stage. One of the gallery gods, noticing his dilemma, exclaimed, "Begorra, the place is full!"

A Rothschild Zoologist.

Walter Rothschild, the eldest son of Lord Rothschild of Tring Park, now 30 years of age and the successor in peerage of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, recently died. He was intensely interested in zoology. He has written extensively on this subject, among his publications being a work on the avifauna of Laysan. He is joint editor of the *Norvates Zoologica*, which is published at the Zoological museum at Tring, where he has carried out in his father's park some interesting experiments in the acclimation of foreign animals, including the zebra and the kangaroo. He was educated at Bonn and at Magdalene college, Cambridge. He is not married.

Expensive.

Mattie—Why, what a beautiful ring you have, dear! What did it cost you?
Myra—My liberty. It's my engagement ring.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The One Day Cold Cure.

For colds and sore throat use Kermott's Blackberry and you will be cured in one day and with quick cure.

A VICTIM OF TELEPATHY.

His Absurd Delusions Finally Banned by the Hypnotic Route.

There came to me late one night a stranger in wildest despair resolved to commit suicide that night if I could not help him, says Professor Munsterberg in *The Atlantic*. He had been a physician, but had given up his practice because his brother, on the other side of the ocean, hated him and had him under his telepathic influence, troubling him from over the sea with voices which mocked him and with impulses to foolish actions. He had not slept nor had he eaten anything for several days, and the only chance for life he saw was that a new hypnotic influence might overpower the mystical hypnotic force.

I soon found the source of his trouble. In treating himself for a wound he had misused cocaine in an absurd way, and the hallucinations of voices were the chief symptom of his cocaineism. These products of his poisoned brain had sometimes reference to his brother in Europe, and thus the telepathic system grew in him and permeated his whole life. I hypnotized him, and suggested to him with success to have sleep and food and a smaller dose of cocaine. Then I hypnotized him daily for six weeks. After ten days he gave up cocaine entirely, after three weeks the voices disappeared, and after that the other symptoms faded away. It was not, however, until the end that the telepathic system was exploded.

Even when the voices had gone he for awhile felt his movements controlled over the ocean, and after six weeks, when I had him quite well again, he laughed over his telepathic absurdities, but assured me that if these sensations came again he should be unable, even in full health, to resist the mystical interpretation, so vividly had he felt the telepathic influences.

VOCAL CULTURE.

The First Step Is Keeping the Mouth Shut, Asleep or Awake.

"Proper breathing is so essential in voice production that it must receive first attention, and the first requirement is to keep the mouth shut," writes Katharine E. Junkermann in *The Woman's Home Companion*.

"Of course no tone can be either strong or pure if the lungs are cramped so that the air cannot find room. In order to increase the size of the lung capacity raise the chest and keep the body well and strongly poised."

"Much harm has been done to voices by allowing the mouth to become the regular air passage that the need of care cannot be too frequently emphasized. Besides the injury done by the unwarmed air entering the lungs the mucous membrane is hardened by the saliva being dried up, and the muscles of the tongue and throat grow stiff and less responsive. It is comparatively easy to control one's breathing when awake, but when asleep the harm goes on. To remedy this involves a slight discomfort, but one can endure it patiently looking to the end. Cut court plaster in little strips about one-fourth of an inch in width and paste several across the lips, placing them up and down, with the lips held naturally. If one is tempted to give up rather than endure the discomfort this method involves, a walk through an ordinary day coach or a night made hideous by the presence of a snorer in a near berth will cause a solemn vow to be taken never to do likewise."

A MONOMANIACAL WITNESS.

How His Phase of Lunacy Was Developed During a Trial.

"That calls to mind a queer experience of my own," said a lawyer who had listened to a story. "Some years ago I defended a fellow for murder in a little southern town, and the worst witness who was a stack-builder by trade. A stack, by the way, is merely another name for a big chimney."

"The old fellow was perfectly honest and gave his evidence in such a clear, straightforward manner that I felt my client was doomed unless I could think of some way to break him down. While I was cudgeling my brains a friend whispered to me to ask him how high he could build a stack. 'What do you mean?' I asked, in surprise. 'Never mind,' said my friend. 'Just slip in that question and see.'"

"So at the tail end of the cross examination I asked as if struck by an afterthought, and said, 'You are a stack-builder, I believe? 'Yes, sir,' replied the witness. 'Well, sir,' I continued, 'about how high can you build?'—I never got any further. A swift, insupportable change flashed over the German's face, and he rose excitedly from his chair. 'As high as der sky!' he roared. 'So high dose angels come around it like birds!'"

"In five seconds he was raving. You see, the man was a monomaniac, sane on every subject but one, and my friend happened to know his weak spot. It is hardly necessary to say that his evidence in regard to the homicide was promptly ruled out by the judge, and as there was no other witness of importance my man was cleared. The rascal should have been hanged and would have been but for the lucky reference to the stack."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Her Opinion.

"Mandy," said Farmer Cornstossel, who had been reading the back page of a magazine, "if a cannon ball go at the rate of 60 miles an hour was shot from the back of a train 60 miles an hour, where would the cannon ball light?"

"I dunno exactly where 'twould light," he answered, "but I kin prophesy that it 'ud do a lot of damage. It couldn't hit nowhere without hurting a lot of people that was standin' around with anything better to do than speckle-ate on jes' sech doin's."—Washington Star.

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